



TOM CARELESS.

As sung by *Mr. DIGNUM.*

TOM CARELESS was odd, like a
genius some said,
And his heart, to speak truth, was as odd as
his head,
For he slighted all maxims to serve his own
ends,
And he had but one purpose, a zeal for his
friends,
His motto was this, in whatever you do
Persist in the right, and you're sure to come
through.

In life twas his fortune, alas! to take part
In sorrows that wore and that wounded the
heart,
To himself like a miser he kept all his grief,
His philosophy-silence that slighted relief,
When danger oppress'd him he still kept in view
His old motto, persist and you're sure to come
through.

Men complain of the sex, but so strange was
his mind,
Treat them well, he would say, and they're
sure to be kind,
When he heard of bad people this whimsical elf
Had a strange way of thinking all good but
himself,
The world gave him talents he thought were
not true,
His empire was temper, and there he came
through.

Of foes while he liv'd he could reckon on
none,
When he dy'd, all exclaim'd, that good tem-
per was gone,
Tom Careless had converse with sorrow be-
guil'd,
For he talk'd like a man, with the heart of a
child,
And to his last moments this point kept in view
Persist in the right, and you're sure to come
through.

